



# Literary Treat

*Editors*

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J. Sharmila & B. Mary Suba

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## **Preface**

***“The thing has come from the Lord”- Genesis 24:50***

This volume is a collection of writings and drawings which explore the themes of love, loss, hope and redemption, inviting readers to reflect on the profound truths that shape our lives, with vivid energy and lyrical language. Each poem and drawing is a window into a different world, a glimpse of a moment in time and a mirror of human soul. It is a must-read for anyone who lives and believes in the power of literature.

First and foremost, we thank our Lord Almighty whose grace is abundant in all we do. We sincerely thank our principal Rev. Sr. Dr. S. Jesurani, Our Secretary Rev. Sr. Dr. B. J. Queensly Jeyanthi who always inspire us to do our best for the students. We genuinely express our appreciation to the Head of the Department, Dr. G. Petricia Alphine Nirmala for her guidance and support ever.

We must acknowledge our student co-ordinators M. Meharaj Nisha and K. Kiruthika who have supported to bring out this book within a short duration.

**J. Sharmila & B. Mary Suba,  
Assistant Professors of English,  
JAC , Periyakulam,  
Tamil Nadu, India.**





# JAYARAJ ANNAPACKIAM COLLEGE FOR WOMEN (AUTONOMOUS)



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## FOREWORD



I am cheerful to write foreword for the book '**Literary Treat**'. The content – poetry and art are the language of the heart, a form of expression that transcends the boundaries of time and culture. It has the power to move us, to inspire us and connect us with the deepest parts of ourselves and the world around. I congratulate and appreciate the editors of the book Mrs. J. Sharmila and Mrs. B. Mary Suba, Assistant Professors of English who have worked hard to bring out our students' potential extensively to the multitude with optimistic thoughts.

In this book, our poets of English Department explore the human experience in all its beauty and complexity from the heights of joy to the depths of sorrow. The Artists bring literature to life through their stunning drawings.

Through the students' words and drawings, they remind us of the power of poetry and art to heal, to console and to transform.

Principal  
Jayaraj Annapackiam College  
for Women (Autonomous)  
Periyakulam - 625 601.  
Theni District



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# **EDITORS' WORKS**



## SELFIE WITH GOD

Selfie, snap without fee,  
Smile of my face, I see,  
Selfie with my Lord, the Holy Trinity  
O, Impossible! Isn't He my friend?!  
My shelter, Saviour and Counsellor  
Never sleeps to protect and defend me:  
Prince of peace, more than  
The King of kings, the Almighty!  
First and Last, Beginning and End,  
Jah, He is Yahweh!  
Eternal Father, but ready to choose small;  
Who sees and says, "I am that I am"  
No word to proclaim His greatness,  
No smartphone to capture His features,  
He Himself in me, He is mine!

- **J. SHARMILA,**  
**ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH,**  
**JAC**



## WARFARE- NOT FAIR

Armed forces attack

Blitz results bloodshed

Clash ends conflict

Detonate leads derogatory

Espionages creates enemies

Fued starts with fighting

To go to war never good

Holster in border creates hostility

Infantry forms insurgent

Journey (war) leads jealous

Knights attack with sword

Love never shows in lash

Martial needs in military

Nebula forms negatively

Oppugnant always negative

Projectile thinking protects

Qualm follows quarrel

Regiment forms rivalry

Siege ends Skirmish

Truce leads tolerance

Unable to unfit

Veteranarians always vex

War leads weired

Xenophobia is in XL

Yell continues yong

Zest only, I want not Zap

- **B. MARY SUBA,  
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH,  
JAC**



# **CONTEMPORARY POETS OF JAC**





## THE QUATRAINS TO A QUEEN

A new professor with a tender heart  
Softly uttering her genuine thought  
Soft as snow, wise and bright,  
Now, she becomes our guiding light

Simplicity is her beauty of core,  
The wisdom she got has an infinite door,  
The words she utters are crystal clear,  
With her soothing voice, it's pleasant to hear

She seems quiet, also reserved,  
For us, is the gem to be preserved  
As her message and matter have lovely breath,  
Could get a room of one's own life's depth

Cool and classy yet smart and sassy,  
Fleeing her hour is not so easy,  
May think she is stringent or something,  
But, because of her teaching, stands stunning

She becomes the planter of our garden,  
So the blossoms lessen the burden  
As the seed of love starts growing with a smile,  
Our anxieties become volatile

Our attention gets captured,  
By her lovely spirited nature  
Nothing is needed to make us smart  
As her attitude already takes its part

The blazing star of the nearest sky,  
Descend to earth to rise high  
The strive and strain are indefinable,  
Soon, will be people of incredible.

**- M. MEHARAJ NISHA,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **ROVER HOVER**

I, beyond the boundaries,  
Often from north to south.  
Lots of struggles it carries,  
Like the job of a goldsmith.

I am in peninsula of peninsulas,  
Lovable meetings, many aquas.  
Moving on to the mother continent,  
To see the blue crane which is more elegant.

Leaving Canada as a bitter,  
In search of a new land as better,

Landed on the Bharatpur route  
Is that comfortable to stay? I doubt,

Finally feeling the sniff of bays,  
Ready to rest for days.  
Over the skies all above,  
I reach the land of love.

- A. LOHITHA,  
II MA ENGLISH

### BOON COMPANION

A chubby girl with a childish heart  
Attracts people by her amiable act  
Mom wants me to respect her as sister  
As she is about to get her mister  
She laughs hard when we mock others  
But war starts when it turns to hers  
Nothing wrong I would say.

Puffy panda penguins are  
Prettiest and portrays her  
People believe she is an innocent soul  
My scars will show her temperament whole  
She cares for me sometimes, yes, she does  
And never forgets me to get into fuss



I am an adopted child from a trashy wild

That she used to say as a pastime way

Without any whistle, there would be a wrestle

Our loving mom who runs to us

Always tired of our hustle and bustle

A dare truth, the deepest secret of mine

They want to know, in a playful mood I share

She sharpens her ear to listen with care.

- **M. MEHARAJ NISHA,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **DEAR FATHER**

You made me smile

Which lasted only for a while

I wanna hug you tight

Which makes me feel light

I want to lay on your chest

That makes me feel best

I've heard your voice like a flute

But, now everything seems to be mute

Longing for your love

That you are pouring from above

- **J. SHINEY,  
III BA ENGLISH**

## LANKA'S BIRD

A supreme being crossed over the sea  
For his wife, I fly over for life.  
A view from Lanka border  
Nostalgic moments of  
Jungle foul in blue water lily,  
My home in Baobab  
Which I built with tough grind  
Not only my resting place, but also the nativity  
But, unaware of, they still look me as a guest  
Waiting for our identity  
Now, no one to voice out  
Searching for the place for survival,  
I flyover the Paamban,  
On looking a person independent  
Relaxed, there I reach my place on Banyan.  
And I dream to build a new home and venture  
Even crow don't accept,  
I flyover and flyover for survival...  
Will I find my place, my people?  
Or will it be only a dream?!

- M. SAMYUKTHA,  
II MA ENGLISH

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

I feel you in every wheels of nature,  
Thee are such a beautiful creature  
Your waves of hair waves me to hand,  
Your eyes in face call for delight  
Your heart is waiting as a dry land;  
My heart is going to win thy life,  
By getting you as pleasant wife  
I never like to face your grinning face,  
While I peep through my eye, you are shy  
While I Live I should be with you.

**- J. ANJALI DEVI,  
III BA ENGLISH**

## FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY

I can say firmly  
He strengthen our family  
Luckily, I got him  
Blindly, I trust him  
Correctly, he guides us  
Perfectly, he leads us  
He never fails to smile  
He scolds me for working like a snail  
I never see him cry

I learn you deep  
Dear Father,  
I'll make you proud one day  
Rest of your will be Sunday!

**- M. MEHARAJ NISHA,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **SHINE LIKE THE SUN**

Every time I look at my life  
I can't stop that's passing through  
I don't want to break the things  
I am sad  
Slightly mad  
Don't know  
How to recover  
The tragic things around  
Making me shattered,  
The way in my travel  
Not to worry!  
I never want to share  
There's nothing to repent  
What was done is already done  
I want to break the tears  
Getting up, getting up!

It's time to rock the world!

Will shine like the Sun!

- **N. SUBHIKSHA,**  
**I BA ENGLISH**

## **MORNING VIBES**

Here an invite for a whole day,  
With coldest companions in our way  
Trees shiver with shaking leaves,  
Birds hug them to be relieved;  
Sit and listen the squirrel's Echolalia,  
Quiet fun at crow's conflict  
Coldest feel penetrates deep,  
Bring us wine abound with breeze  
O! My heart in carpe diem  
Blooming like a unearthed flax,  
Expects this vibe like berries to fox.

- **J. ANJALI DEVI,**  
**III BA ENGLISH**

## **OH BABY!**

You are my solace while I weigh down,  
You make a meadow and melt my shadow  
Mumbling with the same keys of piano,  
That repeating sonnet may enrich my soul

Oh my blabbering beauty!  
Where are you riding your small cute toy?  
To toddle and trade some love and beauty?  
Walking happiness in this world  
Wonderful creation with innocent smile  
Hold me tight; you, little knight  
It is halt in my heart and yours in it  
Beat with cute and little fingers  
Thy heart may haunt while growing upon  
But I might there to guide you on  
Be with me in bitter fight,  
Hold me tight at everyone's sight!

- **J. ANJALI DEVI,**  
**III BA ENGLISH**

## **PATIENCE**

Salary of patience is the fruit  
Give the desires of our heart.  
Being Patience  
It's tough;  
When we strives to be  
It will work out;  
When the words fail  
Patience becomes pain;

But proving who we are  
Stop arguing, stay patient  
Time will answer for all.

- **K. DEEBIKA ARUL MALAR,**  
**I MA ENGLISH**

## **WOMEN'S DESIRE**

See a guy!  
Walking in the dark night  
By wearing white  
Walking with pleasure  
Hanging out with friends  
He seems to have no fear  
Unless he can see a bear  
Wearing a Bluetooth  
Kicking the stone to a booth  
And will go home all alone  
Humming his own tune  
Men don't have any restriction  
But, girls are seen as dolls in the exhibition  
Being a girl,  
Wanna walk in the dark road  
Without having any fear load!?

- **K. MARIA JAFFIA,**  
**III BA ENGLISH**

## SIGNATURE

When a pen has full ink  
It makes us write  
What to write?  
When the ink has finished,  
It may be thrown out into a dustbin;  
Or else, refilling the ink  
Just recharging yourself  
With happy memories,  
A pen is like a woman.  
If she has power,  
She will light up knowledge.  
A pen plays all roles  
In everyone's life.  
It all depends upon the writers,  
Who keep it in their hands.  
Use it.  
The value of pen lies in signature,  
Hold a pen which makes one's life as  
Significant!  
Signature speaks...

- **K.DEEBIKA ARUL MALAR,**  
**I MA ENGLISH**



## MY MIND SHOULD SHIFT

O mind! Leave this real and live with me

Let's not fear, here nobody to hire

Live thy way to care my soul

Send your bye to senseless fools

Let's stop that busy makes you dizzy,

You're a lyre that I desire

Leave this state, don't love fate

O mind! Jump like a popcorn kernel

And land in a magical tunnel

Let's soak like dates and honey

No need for any money

Don't be sensitive

Make me sensible!

**-J. ANJALI DEVI,  
III BA ENGLISH**

## ARE YOU MY FRIEND?!

The day I met you!

I saw my life was in you

I didn't imagine,

oneday it would become a lie

The time I saw your smile  
I lost myself for a while  
You used to surprise me several times  
That seemed to be the poetic lines  
Were we friends?  
You used to call me friend  
That's why I trusted you blind;  
You taught me you were important than anyone  
After a period to become someone;  
Now you become scary-  
But the love I gave you would not be given by any  
Finally,  
Now, you're a beautiful truthful lie trusted by me

**- K. MARIA JAFFIA,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **MYSTERIOUS GIRL**

All of a sudden, I woke up  
Was in the middle of woods  
I felt something strange  
Turned around, saw a girl  
Who was covered with blue  
Jacket with red tulips  
I had no clue  
She came out of blue.  
She smiled at me.  
I was shocked,

I was trembling  
Without any gathering  
While she took her first step,  
I was on the fence  
While looking scary smile  
My face was pale.  
Trying to say something  
Making me worrying  
I couldn't understand the  
Words coming out of her mouth.  
I calmed myself  
Curious to know what she  
Was going to say  
I was frozen  
She glanced at me  
“Want to know who are you?”  
I was confused  
While her words made me amused.  
“you're the precious thing I have  
Waited to meet for so long!”  
She ran away,  
I followed her.  
She ended straight to a place  
Which was worth to embrace  
There showed up a tree,  
Smiled at me.

She was behind the tree  
Pointing something to me.  
It showed,  
“welcome to success, champ!”

**- N. SUBHIKSHA,  
I BA ENGLISH**

### **ABOUT THE TWO LINES (A TRIBUTE TO THIRUKKURAL)**

Sky is seeking high to reach  
After listening to the awesome teach,  
It's a wrong man's poison and Right man's decision  
A line is enough for thy entire life  
That guides you like your wife;  
No man believes it's under the sky,  
Until the treasure reaches his eye;  
Forget your pride,  
Follow this ride,  
Not having any preconceived notion,  
It's well known over every nation.

**- J. ANJALI DEVI,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **RUNNING THOUGHTS**

You come at night to make me fight  
You get in to join in my sleep's funeral  
You give me faint instead of paint

You're in vain and accord pain  
Like an owl in my head, you shake my bed  
If I put you in jail, you come again in bail  
What are you thinking?  
I am keep on inking?  
You strive for birth, I cry for breath  
In this Earth!

**- J. ANJALI DEVI,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **SWEETNESS OF MY LITERATURE**

There is something in this world  
That's you...  
I can't describe your beauty  
Let me compare your beauty with a flower  
No matter how many beautiful flowers here,  
You are the only beauty to me  
I can go anywhere if you are along with me  
I look at you from a distance, amazing  
I look a little closer and realize I need you  
I am scared I think you will get me  
I want to be a petal for you  
You say,  
You love me  
I taste you and now I'm one of you  
That flower none other than my English Department

It's petals are my English Department teachers  
My English Literature is as sweet as the nectar of the flower

- **P. SATHYA,**  
**III BA ENGLISH**

### **ALONE**

Feeling the darkness  
She asks herself  
Why am I born?  
Babel, replying her, no one for you.  
No one for you...  
Her cheeks are wet  
Her neck turns to wet her breast  
Not the rain drops, but the uncontrollable tears  
Suddenly she turns up her head  
A real fantasy appears  
Her tears stop  
She is surrounded by  
Sky, sun, moon, stars, trees  
Protected by the Almighty ever!

- **B. KAVITHA,**  
**III BA ENGLISH**

### **WHY?**

I am not happy...  
But I am not sad...  
I don't love this world

But I live in this world  
I don't trust anyone  
But the people trust me,  
I love everyone  
But hurt the things around  
Shall I change the world?  
I can...I will do...one day!

**- P. SATHYA,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **MY MAN**

My pen asks if anyone can be  
Loved like this...  
It says "I am jealous when I write about  
My love and lover",  
He has a vision that is not less  
A male angel who roams  
Like an unseen boon  
As God was happy when created him,  
That's why his smile is like a  
New flower that blooms everyday!  
Seeing him, my time stops,  
I hold you within me...  
I write my love lines,  
So that no one has the copyright

To dwell in your heart  
You're my beloved...

**- M. YUVA DURGA DEVI,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **RAIN**

It was an unusual morning,  
I got up from my bed with yawning!  
He came with tip top sound,  
My eyes searched him to find,  
He travelled from thousand miles away  
Cloud to earth like a spring  
He gently wets my barren life  
And it'll make my future shine!

**- B. LATHIKA,  
III BA ENGLISH**

### **KALAM 'S INTENT**

One day, my teacher shouted at me  
How the birds fly,  
I saw above sky  
My eyes captured a picture,  
My nerves imported to brain  
My hands made a rocket,



It was above the sky, one day  
My nation becomes high!

- **B. LATHIKA,**  
**III BA ENGLISH**

### **GOD'S GIFT**

There is a bridge between birth and death  
That's a life which is gifted by God  
Happiness and sadness are mixed together  
But bridge tries to connect us each other  
Poor humans are busy in pain  
But it's the waste of time to gain  
Between day and night there is a way  
Which makes us to think away  
Life tries hard to connect us  
Shall wait and see what's next  
Communications are through text  
Pure love is going to be lost  
Conclusion is at the last

- **R.J. RAFIA SHIHI,**  
**II BA ENGLISH**

## THE SCENT OF GRAVEYARD FLOWERS

The flower and you,  
Even though it's a graveyard or garden,  
The flower unknowingly spreads its scent  
Likewise my friend, one day  
You'll be in a vineyard...  
Labour in academic field today;  
Stay strong and spread your intellect  
You're just like a flower,  
Is there any fences to cage your scent?  
Spread your wings to spare your fragrance  
Through the air in the ecosphere  
You will be a one in history!

**-K. KIRUTHIKA,  
III BA ENGLISH**

## THE BRIDGE

We are worlds apart  
So I feel I am away from the stars  
I travel long and I travel for  
Then deep in the dark;  
I follow a spark

And it leads straight to your heart  
There'll be Oceans for us to trade  
There'll be bridge for us to mend  
I'll be strike through it, I swear  
There'll be mountain for us to climb now  
But, there were days without the sun  
I was stick to it, I swore  
With the scars and whited face  
Now I swim fast and I swim hard  
All these miles I walk in my dream  
All these stumbles and falls  
They lead me again straight to your heart  
There'll be bridges for us to repair  
There Lord to stick it.

**-S. SEFRI DAYONSI,  
II BA ENGLISH**

## **WOMAN**

The dress length  
The three hands of clock  
Judge the feminine one!

**- M. VAISHNAVI,  
II B.A ENGLISH**

## RENBOGA

When the world is black and white  
You make it shine so bright  
Everything's nasty, crooked and cozy  
In this world full of media dizzy  
Violet, Indigo, Blue and Red  
Feels like lying in a Garden bed  
Green, Yellow, Indigo and Orange  
Feels like sitting in a magic show  
In a Bored and tired mood, there  
"Rainbow", I shout in Joy Aloud.

- **A. SUNANDHA JASMINE,  
II BA ENGLISH**



# **LANDSCAPES IN LITERATURE**



**"I look at you and I would rather look at you than all the portraits in the world..."**  
**—Frank O'Hara,(Having a Coke With You)**



**\_B.Lathika,  
III B.A.English**

**"Society is all but rude,  
To this delicious solitude".**  
**-Andrew Marvell ( The Garden)**



**\_B.Lathika,  
III B.A.English**



"The most beautiful things are wrapped in the winds arms, eventually whipping around us on this earth."  
\_Meghan foubare,( Colors Of The Wind)



\_K.Rathi sakthi,  
II B.A.English

"A beautiful body perishes, but a work of art dies not."  
\_Leonardo da Vinci



\_K. Rath Sakthi,  
II B.A.English

"Clouds come floating into my life, no longer to carry rain or usher storm, but to add color to my sunset sky."

\_Rabindranath Tagore, (Stray Birds)



\_K.Rathi sakthi,  
II B.A.English

When the universe wants to communicate, it sends a dream.  
If the dreamer is awake, it sends a bird.

- Michael Bassey Johnson, (Song of a Nature Lover)



\_S.Prathiba,  
II B.A.English

"There are some places in life where you can only go alone. Embrace the beauty of your solo journey."

\_Mandy Hale,(The Single Woman: Life, Love, and a Dash of Sass)



\_S.Prathiba,  
II B.A.English

"And forget not that the earth delights to feel your bare feet and the winds long to play with your hair"

\_Khalil Gibran,(The Prophet)



\_S.Prathiba,  
II B.A.English



**"Create with the heart; build with the mind."  
\_Criss Jami, (Killosophy)**



**\_S.Prathiba,  
II B.A.English**

**"A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze"  
-William Wordsworth,(Daffodils)**



**\_B.Lathika,  
III B.A.English**

"I know not if you sleep or feed. How motionless!"  
\_William Wordsworth(To Butterfly)



\_B.Lathika,  
III B.A.English

"The flower whisperer who made everyone and everything around her bloom."  
-Glendy Vanderah (Where the Forest Meets the Stars)



\_P.Abirami,  
II B.A.English



**"As long as you have a garden you have a future and as long as you have a future you are alive."**

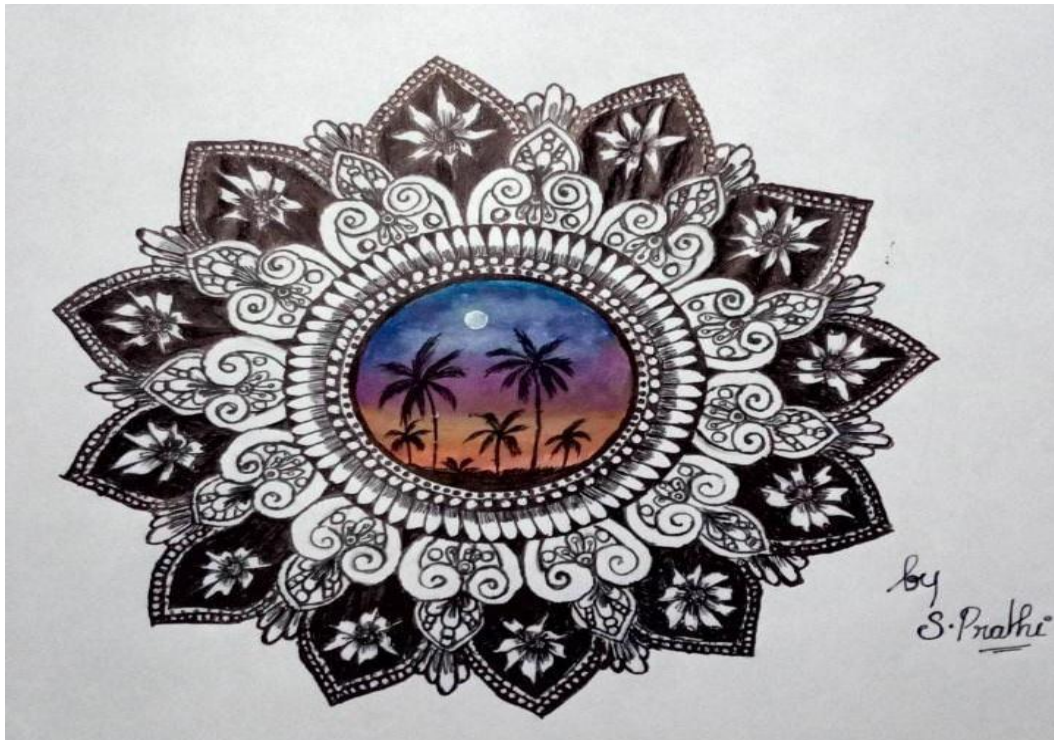
**\_Frances Hodgson Burnett, (The secret Garden)**



**\_P.Abirami,  
II B.A.English**

**"I love the silent hour of night,  
For blissful dreams may then arise,  
Revealing to my charmed sight  
What may not bless my waking eyes."**

**\_ Anne Brontë(Best Poems of the Brontë Sisters)**



**\_S.Prathiba,  
II B.A.English**

"All good things are wild and free"  
\_Henry David Thoreau, (walking)



\_K.Rathi sakthi,  
II B.A.English

"Always conversation  
in solitude, not in lone  
Side by side  
Thoughts in ride  
Fellow as comrade"  
-Mahtaab Bangalee(solitary in nature)



\_S.Prathiba,  
II B.A.English



" Raise a casual hand –  
With one quick gust  
They fountain into air."

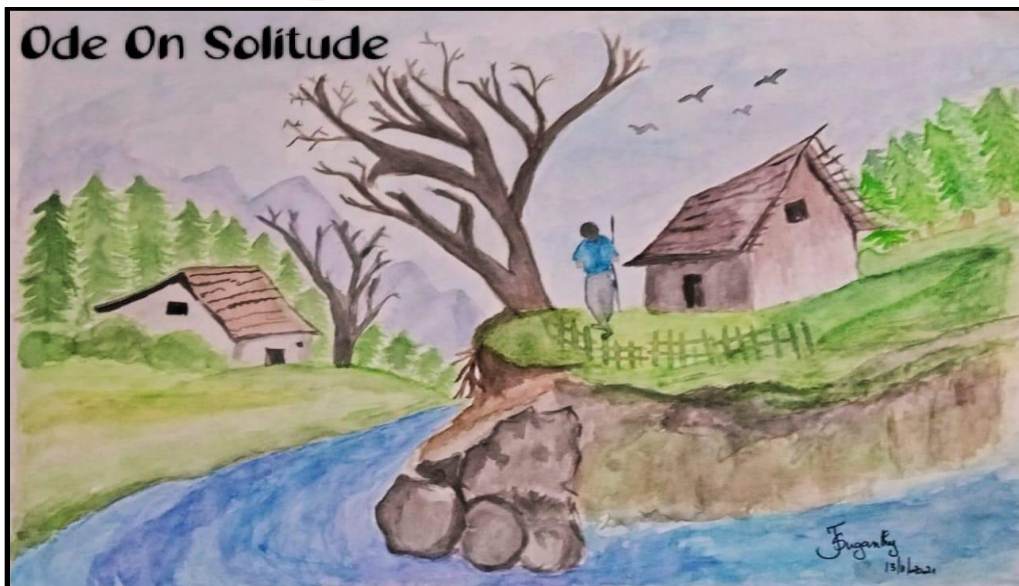
Richard Alexander Kell, (The Pigeons)



S.Prathiba,  
II B.A.English

"Happy the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air,  
In his own ground."

Alexander Pope (ode on solitude)



- J. Suganthy Biblia Prem,  
I B.A.English



"There were peacocks, gorgeous as ever, stalking in their stately fashion about the gateway." -Mabel Collins, ("In the Flower of Her Youth")



\_S.Nandhini,  
I M.A.English

"Sweet thames, run softly, till I end my song" - Edmund Spenser(Prothalamion)

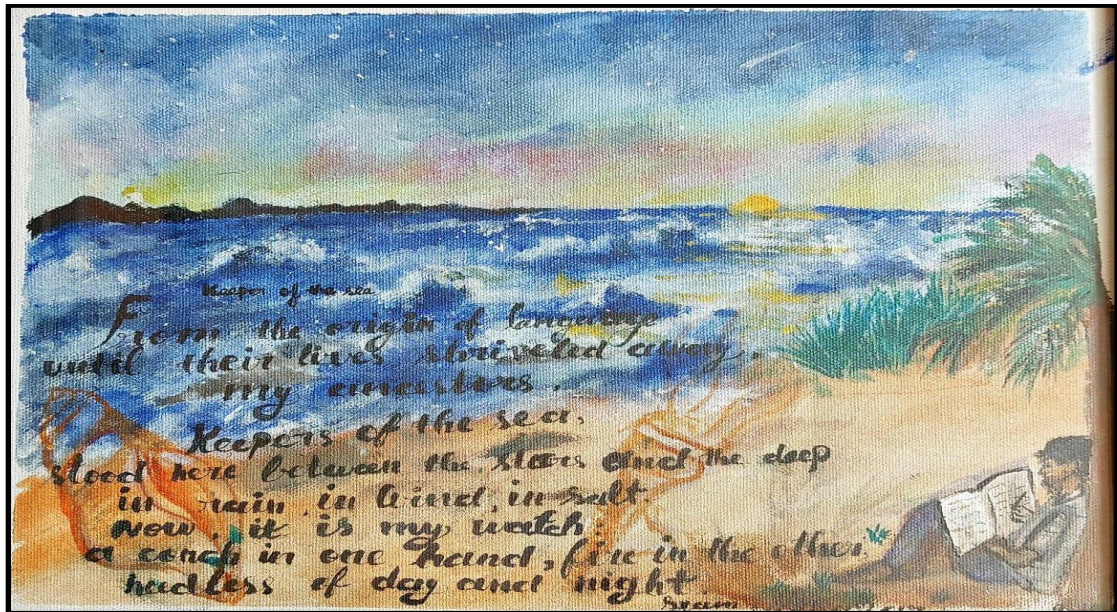


- J. Suganthi Biblia Prem,  
- I B.A. English



Painting is poetry that is seen rather than felt, and poetry is painting that is felt rather than seen.

- Leonardo da Vinci



- B. Lathika,

III B.A. English

"I will honour Christmas in my heart, and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future." - Charles Dickens (A "Christmas Carol")



- T. Keerthi Lakshmi,

III B.A. English



# **SEASONING TAMIL VERSES**



## எம் மொழி

வருடங்கள் பல கடந்தாலும் வாழும் எம் செம்மொழியாம்  
வரவிருக்கும் வருடங்களையும் வசப்படுத்தும்  
வையமொழியாம்

அரவணைக்க பலர் இருக்க ஓளவியத்தில் சிலர் இருக்க  
அனைத்திலும் சிக்காமல்

அகிலம் வாழும் அன்னை மொழியாம்!

- ஜீ.அஞ்சலிதேவி,

இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## பெண்மை

நீ யார் என்பதை அறிந்துகொள்

உலகம் நீ யார் என்பதை தெரிந்துகொள்ளும்

தலைவாரி பூச்சுட தெரிந்த உனக்கு தலைமையும்  
ஆளத்தெரியுமடி

குடும்பத்தை ஆள்கின்ற நீ

நாட்டையும் ஆள வா!

- பா. கௌரி,

இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## கவிதையே!

நீ என் இதயத்தில் பிரசவித்து மிருதுவான மூளையின் மேல்  
மிதந்தாடி உன் வாழ்வை நீட்டிக்க என்னையுன் வசமாக்கி  
எண்ணமெனும் போர் புரிந்து

என்னை ஆட்கொண்டு வீரநடை போடுகின்றாய்



என் காகிதம் மேல் எழுத்தாக!!

உன்னை பார்ப்பவரின் உள்ளத்திலே புணர்ந்து மகிழ்ச்சி  
எனும் ஊற்றை பெற்றெடுக்க

உறக்கத்தின் சாலையிலும் நீ உருண்டோடி வருவாயோ?

இல்லை பின்னிய உயிரணுக்களால் என் பிள்ளையிலும்  
வாழ்வாயோ?

- ஜீ.அஞ்சலிதேவி,

இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

### புத்தகம்

வாழ்க்கைக்கு நல்வழிகாட்டி நீ

தனிமைக்கு நல் துணைவன் நீ

மடிந்தால் மீட்டு விடுவாய் நீ

வீழ்ந்தால் தூக்கி விடுவாய் நீ

கவலைகள் மறக்க செய்வாய் நீ

துயரங்கள் நீங்க செய்வாய் நீ

பார்வையில் தெளிவை கொணர்வாய் நீ

பாரினில் சிறக்க வைப்பாய் நீ

நீ மட்டும் போதும் என்றும் என்னோடு

கருவில் தொடங்கி கல்லறை வரை...

- ரா. ஜோ. ரஃபியா ஷிகி,

இளங்கலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## வெற்றியை தேடும் பயணம்!!

இரவெல்லாம் இமை மூடவில்லை  
இன்றைய பகலும் அயர்ந்திடவில்லை  
பகலெல்லாம் பாடுபட்டவையின் பார்வைகோலம்  
இரவெல்லாம் இயலாமையின் இன்னல் கோலம்  
வெற்றிக்கு ஏங்கி வெறுமையில் தனிமை கோலம்!  
எதுவாயினும்  
முயன்ற பல முறையை  
மூச்சாக மாற்றி  
பிற்காலத்தில் முதன்மையாக மாறுவோம்!  
காலத்தின் கையில் கனவினை தராதே  
உன் கண்ணீருக்கு விலைமதிப்பை தேடு!  
அதன் விலையோ  
உன் வெற்றியாக மாறட்டும்...  
மாற்றம் ஒன்றே நிலையானது அல்ல  
மாறும் சவால்களின் மதிப்பும் நிலையானது தான்!

- ஜ. ஆஃப்ரின் பாத்திமா,  
முதுகலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## பறவையும் பருவமும்

கிளம்புகிறேன்...

கிழக்கு பாதையை நோக்கி

பயணங்கள் எங்கு முடியும் என்று தெரியவில்லை!



இருப்பினும் தொடங்கிவிட்டேன்!

பருவங்கள் மாறிவிட்டன

அதனை பார்க்கும் கோணங்களும் மாறிவிட்டன

வேடங்கள் பல இட்ட மனிதர்களை விட்டு வேடந்தாங்கலை  
நோக்கி வேகமாக விரைகிறேன்

கடல்களைத் தாண்டும் போது அறியவில்லை

அதன் ஆழம் அதிகம் என்று

காலங்களை கடக்கும் போது புரிகிறது

அவை உணர்த்தும் உண்மைகள் எதுவென்று!

பறப்போம்...

பார்ப்பவரின் பார்வை திறன் குறையும் வரை!

இதில் இன்னல்கள் வந்தால் என்ன!

இருளே சூழ்ந்தாலும் என்ன!

இன்முகத்தோடு

முன்னேறுவோம்!

முன்னேற்றுவோம்!

- ஜ. ஆஃப்ரின் பாத்திமா,

முதுகலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## கல்வி

புத்தகப் பையை எறிந்தவன்

போக்கு அற்றவன்

கல்வியை இழந்தவன்

கடனாளி  
இலட்சியம் இல்லாதவன்  
வாழத் தெரியாதவன்  
கல்வி கண்ணாக இருந்தால்  
வாழ்க்கை பொன்னாக இருக்கும்  
கல்வி என்ற கடலில்  
இலட்சியம் என்ற படகில்  
என்றும் பயணம் செய்யலாம்!

- பா. கௌரி,

இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## புன்னகை

காலம் மாறிவிட்டது...  
காலையின் சிரிப்பும் குறைந்துவிட்டது...  
கன்னத்தில் பனி முத்தமிட்டது...  
தண்ணீரும் உறைந்து விட்டது...  
இவையெல்லாம் என்னை கிளம்பச் சொல்லி ஆணையிட்டது  
எங்கு செல்ல வேண்டும் என்று தெரியவில்லை  
ஓ! அது காலத்தின் கையிலோ!  
எனினும் போகிறேன்...  
போக்கு அற்றவனாக இல்லை  
பொழுதுபோக்கிற்காகவும் இல்லை

போர்க்காகவும் இல்லை  
பொக்கிஷமான என் சிரிப்பை தேடி!

-க. நாகதேவி,  
முதுகலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

### பேனா

உன் கனவினை சொல்ல ஆயிரம் மொழி இருந்தாலும்  
அதனை நான் அறிய உன் கண்கள் இருந்தாலும்  
பிறர் அறிய நம் உரையாடல் உயர்ந்தாலும்  
எழுதி வைத்தால் ஏழு உலகமும் அறியும் நம் காதல்  
காவியத்தை...  
கடந்த காலத்தை !

-ஜ. ஆஃப்ரின் பாத்திமா,  
முதுகலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

### இயற்கையின் அழிவு

நீ என்ன நினைத்தாய்?  
நீ இல்லாமல் நான் வாழ்வேன் என்றா?  
நான் இல்லாமல் நீ வாழ்வாய்  
ஆனால் நீ இல்லாமல் என்னால் வாழ முடியாது  
உனக்கு உரமூட்டுகிறேன் என்று விஷமூட்டினேன்!  
காலநிலைகள் மாறுகின்றன  
அதனால் நீயும் மாறுகிறாய்  
அது போல் தான் நானும்,

காலம் மாறுகிறது

நானும் மாறுகிறேன்

உண்மையில்...

கடவுள் உன்னை பேசாமல் படைத்து விட்டார்

நானும் உன்னை அழித்து பழகிவிட்டேன்

இந்த உலகில் நாம் பேசினால் தான் நீதி கிடைக்கும்

உனக்காக நான் பேசினால் இந்த உலகம் என்னை  
பைத்தியம் என்று சொல்லுகிறது

அதனால்

நீ பேசு, நான் கேட்கிறேன்

காத்திருக்கிறேன்.

நீ "அழிக்காதே" என்று சொல்லும் ஒரு வார்த்தைக்காக!

இப்படிக்கு உன்னை துன்பப்படுத்துகிறவர்களில் ஒருத்தி!

- பெ. சத்யா,  
இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

### **பொன்னான காலம்**

இந்த மாய உலகில் வாழ்கின்றேன் பயத்தோடு

காலம் என்னையும் சுமக்கின்றது தயக்கத்தோடு

விடியலுக்காய் காத்திருக்கின்றேன் ஏக்கத்தோடு

காலம் பொன்னாய் வந்தது மாற்றத்தோடு!

- ரா. ஜோ. ரஃபியா ஷிகி,  
இளங்கலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## எதிர்பார்ப்பு

எதிர்பார்ப்பதே வாழ்க்கை இல்லை  
எதிர்பார்க்காத மனிதன் இல்லை  
நாம் மனிதனை எதிர்பார்க்கும் ஒவ்வொரு நிமிடமும் நமக்கு  
ஏமாற்றம் தான்  
எதிர்பார்ப்பதை விட எழுந்து நில்!  
வெற்றியை எதிர்பார்ப்பதை விட  
தோல்வியை எதிர்த்து நில்!

- பா. கௌரி,

இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## அம்மா

நீ கண் கலங்கினால் என் கருவிழி கூட சிவந்து  
விடுமே!(அம்மா...)  
உன் கனவு என்னவென்று கேட்டால்  
நான் படித்து நல்ல நிலைமையில் இருக்க வேண்டுமென்று  
என் கனவை உன் கனவாக பாவித்தாயே!(அம்மா...)  
என் முகத்தைப் பார்த்து நான் எந்த நிலைமையில்  
உள்ளேன் என்று கணித்து விடும் உயிர் நாடியும்  
நீயே!(அம்மா...)  
தனக்கு மிஞ்சியதே தானமும் தர்மமும் என்பார்கள்  
ஆனால் அதையும் ஒரு படி தாண்டி தன் குழந்தைகளுக்கு  
போக மிஞ்சியதே தனக்கு என்பவளே!(அம்மா...)

உள்ளத்தில் துடிக்கும் உயிர் நாடியும் நீயே என் உள்ளத்தை  
உள்ளபடியே காட்டும் கண்ணாடியும் நீயே!(அம்மா...)

- சொ. கபிலா,  
இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

### தாய்க்கொரு கவி

எல்லோரும் கவிதை எழுதினார்கள்  
எனக்கு எழுத தெரியவில்லை. என்று கவலை கொண்டேன்  
கலங்கி நின்றேன்  
நானும் ஒரு நாள் எழுத ஆரம்பித்தேன்...  
உன் அன்பை உணர்ந்தபோது!  
அம்மா...

- ம. ஸ்ரீமதி,  
இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

### காலம் கடந்தது

தூங்கியது போதும் விழித்திடு மனிதா!  
விழுந்தது போதும் எழுந்திடு துணிவாய்!  
மாண்டது போதும் மலர்ந்திடு  
தெளிவாய்!  
கடந்து நடந்து போனால்  
காயம் தானடா!

கலங்காதே, காயமும் காலத்தில் கரைந்திடும்  
வெற்றி வாகையைச் சூட, காத்திரு விழிப்போடு...

- ரா. ஜோ. ரஃபியா ஷிகி,  
இளங்கலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

### ஞாலமே மாயம்

அழகான உலகைத்தானே படைத்தாய்  
பின் மனிதனுக்கு ஏன் இந்த அகம்பாவம்  
பசுமையான நிலத்தைத்தானே தந்தாய்  
பின் கொடியவனுக்கு ஏன் இந்த ஆணவம்  
வள்ளலாக தானே வாரி வழங்கினாய்!  
பின் அரக்கனுக்கு ஏன் இந்த பேராசை?  
உன் கைவண்ணம் அழகானது தான்!  
அதில் ஒன்றாய் கலந்தவள் நான்  
பேனா முனையில் துடிப்புடன் நான்  
மனிதன் அழிவை தேடியதால் தான்  
மாய உலகாய் மாறியது உன் கைவண்ணம்!  
கவலையோடு இதை வர்ணிக்கிறேன் நான்...

- ரா. ஜோ. ரஃபியா ஷிகி,  
இளங்கலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## இயற்கை

கொத்து கொத்தாக பூத்தகொடி நீ  
முத்துப்போல் சிரிச்ச பாவை நீ  
கண்ணைப் பறிக்கும் அழகு நீ  
கண் விழிக்கும் திசையும் நீ  
நான் நடக்கும் பாதையில் நிழலும் நீ  
நான் சுவாசிக்கும் காற்றும் நீ  
நீயே! நீயே! இயற்கை நீயே!

- பா. கௌரி,

இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## சோகத்தில் சுகம்

சுகம் இருக்கும் போது மட்டும் சோகத்தை நினைக்கிறோம்-  
ஆனால்  
சோகம் இருக்கும்போது சுகத்தை நினைப்பதில்லையே, ஏன்?  
சோகம் இருக்கும் போது சுகத்தை நினைத்துப் பார்!  
சோகத்தை சுகம் நகைத்துவிட்டு  
இந்த உலகத்தை உனக்கு வசமாக்கும்!  
பொறுத்திடு...  
முயன்றிடு...

-ம.ஸ்ரீமதி,

இளங்கலை மூன்றாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்



## தனிமை

தனிமையின் உச்சியில் நான்  
தனியாத ஊற்றாய் நீ  
ஏங்கியே துடிப்பவள் நான்  
ஏங்கவிடாமல் காப்பவன் நீ  
உடைந்த மனதோடு நான்  
ஒட்ட வைப்பவன் நீ  
கலப்படமில்லா அன்பால்  
என்னை கரைய வைத்தாய்  
கவி பாடும் குயிலாய்  
என்றும் கரம் பிடிப்போம்!

- ரா. ஜோ. ரஃபியா ஷிகி,  
இளங்கலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

## தலையணை

என் ஆயிர கண்ணீர் துளிகளையும் ஏற்றுக் கொள்ளும்  
ஒரே தோழி நீயல்லவா...

## சிரிப்பு

என் கவலையையும் என் துன்பத்தையும்  
மறக்க உதவும் கருவியடி நீ...

## முடிவுரை

நான் முடிவல்ல,  
தொடக்கத்தின் முதற்படி...

- ஜெ.மதுமிதா,  
இளங்கலை இரண்டாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

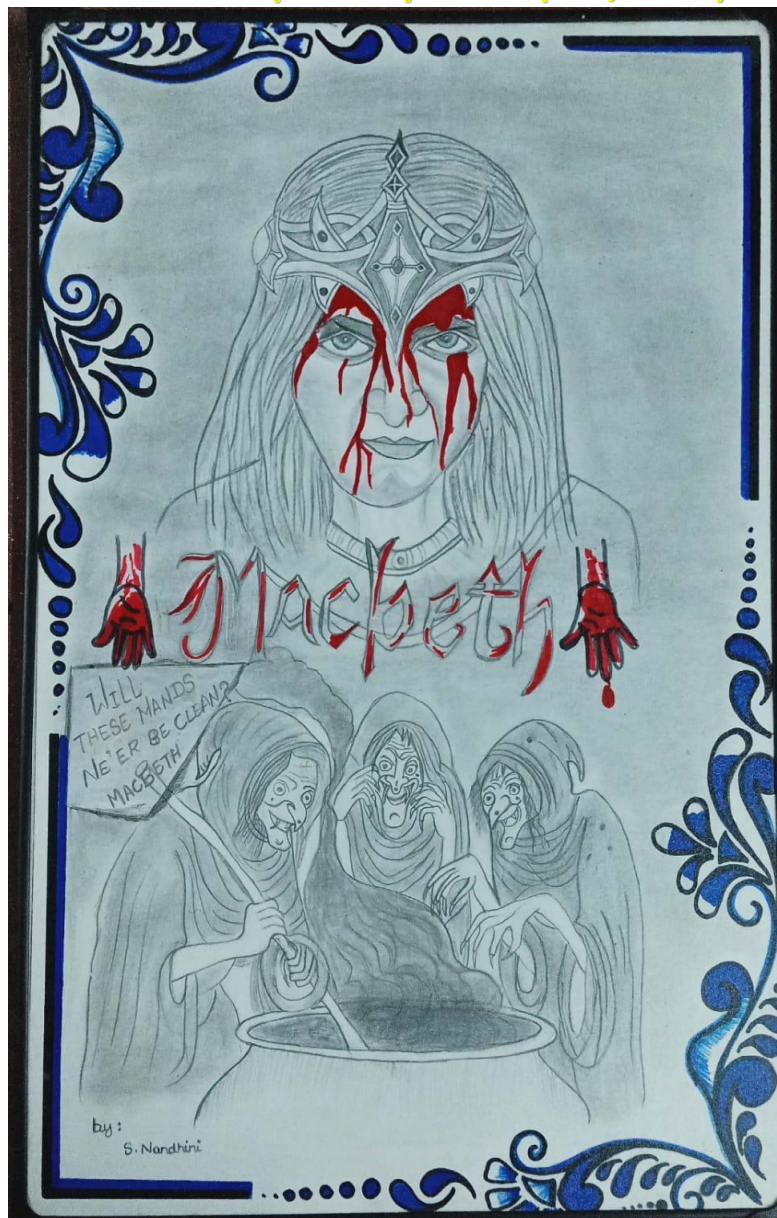


# LITERARY PIECES



"What's done cannot be undone."

- William Shakespeare- Lady Macbeth (Act 5, Scene 1)



-S.Nandhini,  
I M.A.English

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands - Alfred, Lord Tennyson(The Eagle)



-S.Thanusri,  
I B.A.English

"Good night, sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!" - William Shakespeare'  
( Hamlet, Prince of Denmark)



\_K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English



"It matters not what someone is born, but what they grow to be." — Albus Dumbledore.-Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire by J.K.Rowling



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"so even if you can't talk, at least pray. He hears, if no one else does."  
-Bertolt Brecht(Mother Courage and Her Children)



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English



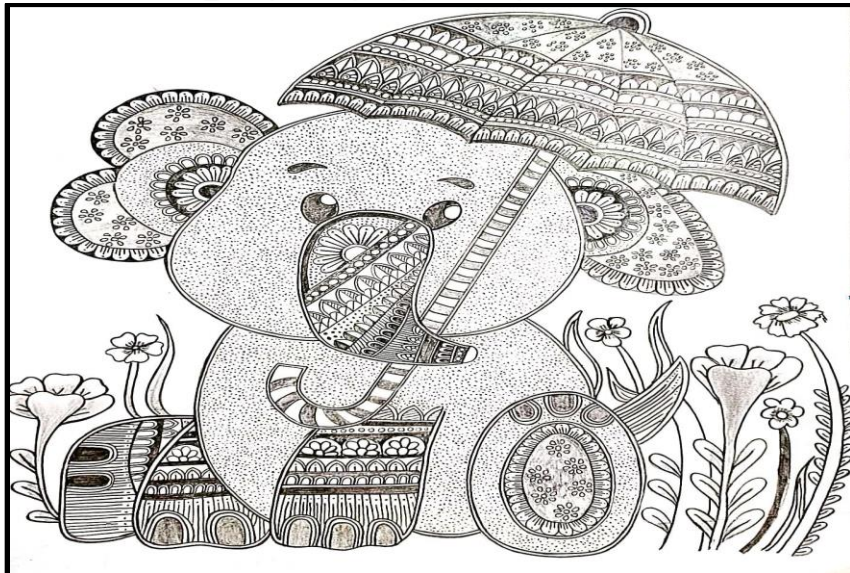
"I met her in the foothills  
rich with flowers -  
A slim broad shoulders  
The water of her gracefulness  
Has subdued the fire of my manliness"  
- M.L Thangappa(Kurunthogai,verse 95)



\_K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"Go to the banks of the great, grey-green greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees, and  
find out."

\_Rudyard Kipling (The elephant child)



-K.Maria jaffia,  
III B.A.English

"Everything you can imagine is real."  
\_Pablo Picasso



\_K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"BAD ANGEL, Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art. GOOD ANGEL, Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art." \_Christopher Marlowe (Doctor Faustus)



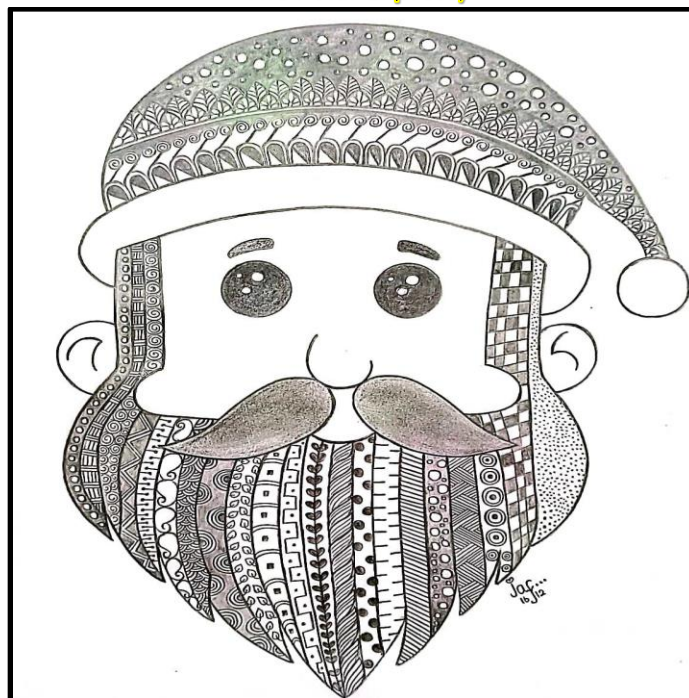
-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"The sunset you see is always better than the one you don't. More stars are always better than less."  
\_Koren Joy Fowler(We are all beside ourselves)



-J.Pastina,  
III B.A.English

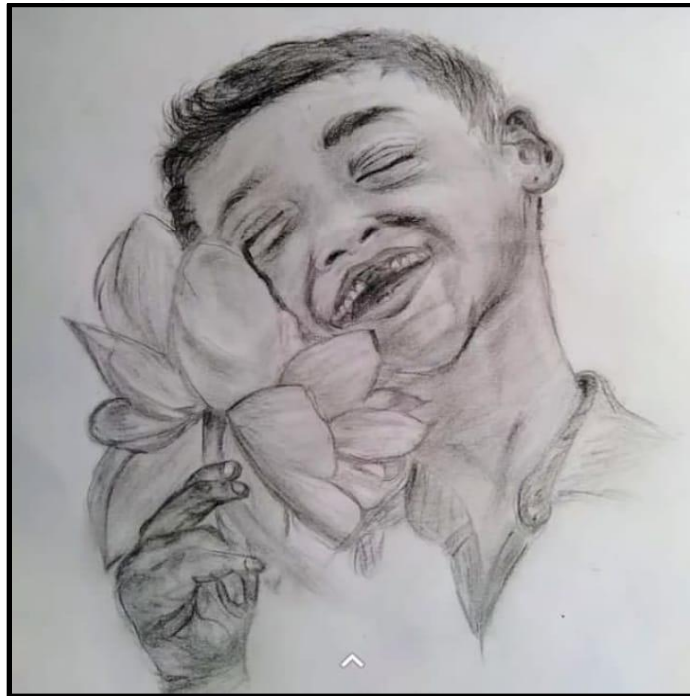
"Santa circled once above us, then disappeared "-Chris Van Allsburg  
The Polar Express)



-K.Maria jaffia,  
III B.A.English



The saints were his friends, and blessed him; the monsters were his friends, and guarded him.  
-Fyodor Dostoevsky(The Hunchback of Notre-Dame)



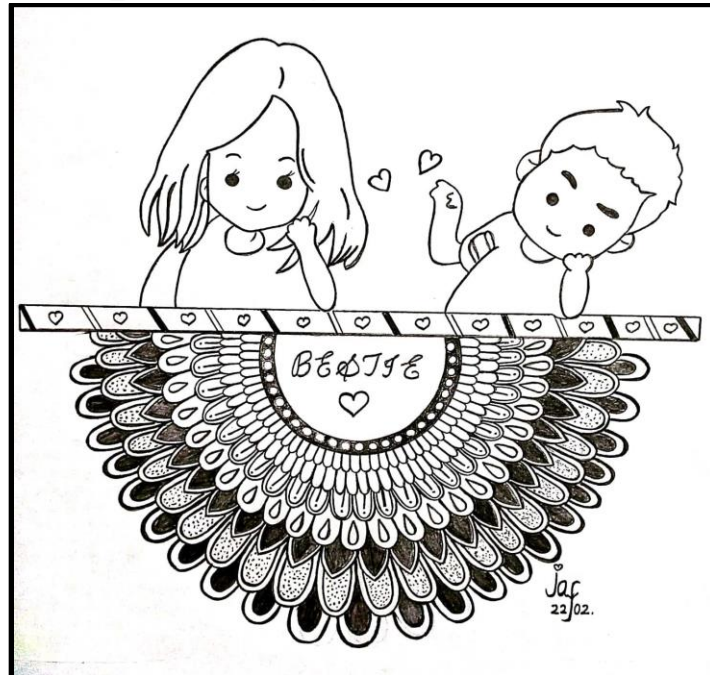
-B.Lathika,  
III B.A.English

"Remember who you are." -Mufasa  
-Justine Korman(The Lion King)



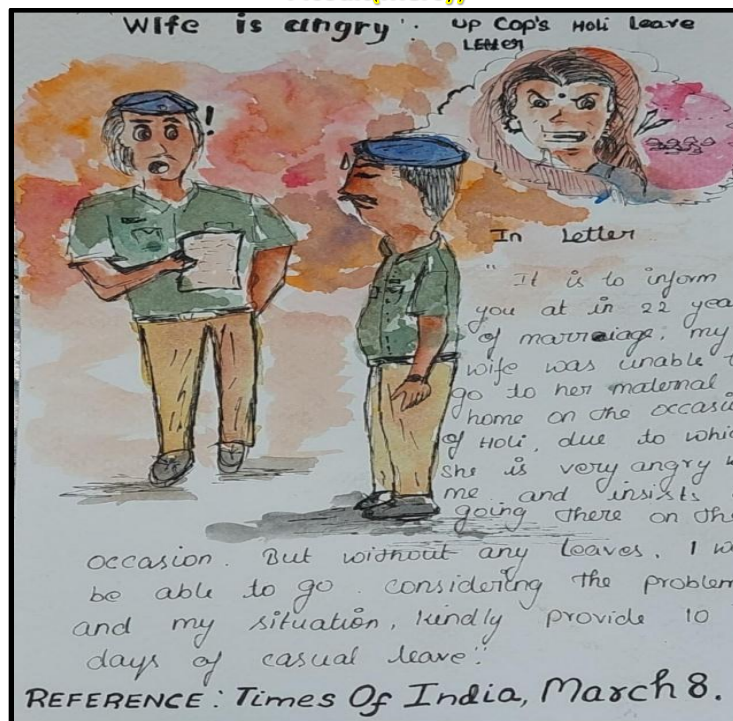
-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"My bounty is as boundless as the sea"  
\_William Shakespeare, (Romeo and Juliet)



-K.Maria jaffia,  
III B.A.English

"You know it's never fifty-fifty in a marriage. It's always seventy-thirty, or sixty-forty." \_Jodi  
Picoult(Mercy)



-B.Lathika,  
III B.A.English

"Carrying me in his claws stark  
As lightly as if I were a lark,  
How high I cannot tell to you,  
Because I rose, I know not how." -Geoffrey Chaucer ("House of Fame")



-S.Thanusri,  
I B.A.English

"As democracy is perfected, the office of president represents, more and more closely, the inner soul of the people." - H.L. Mencken, ("On Politics: A Carnival of Buncombe")



-S.Prathiba,  
II B.A.English



"O, the blood more stirs  
To rouse a lion than to start a hare! "  
-William Shakespeare ( "Henry IV")



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

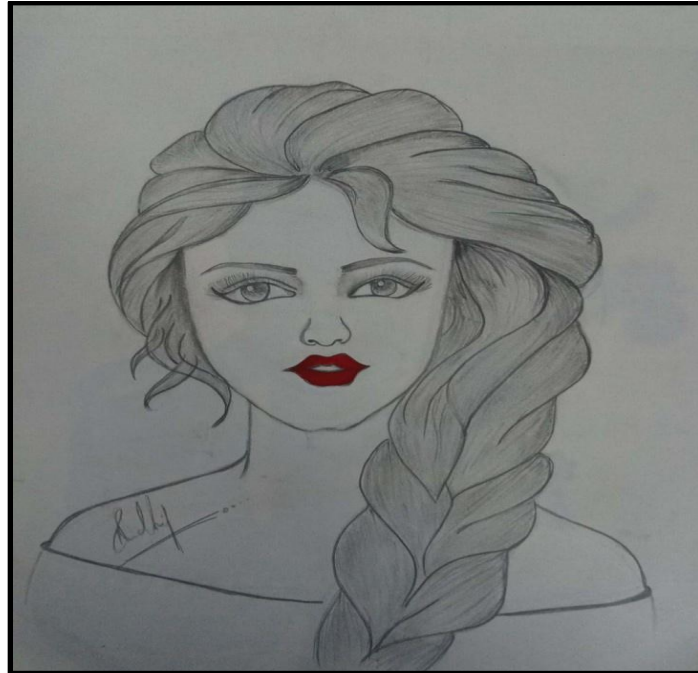
"Because no matter how wide you stretch your fingers, your hands will always be too small to catch  
all the pain you want to heal." -Sarah Kay,(hands)



\_M.Bhavatharani,  
III B.A.English



"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships / And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"  
" \_Christoher Marlowe(Doctor Faustus)



-S.Nandhini,  
I M.A.English

Sometimes it felt like her life was a series of falls from ever-greater heights.\_  
-Scott Westerfeld ( "Pretties")



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"Come not between the dragon, and his wrath."  
- William Shakespeare, (King Lear)



-K.Rathi Sakthi,  
II B.A.English

"Do not swear by the moon, for she changes constantly. then your love would also change."  
-William Shakespeare, (Romeo and Juliet)



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

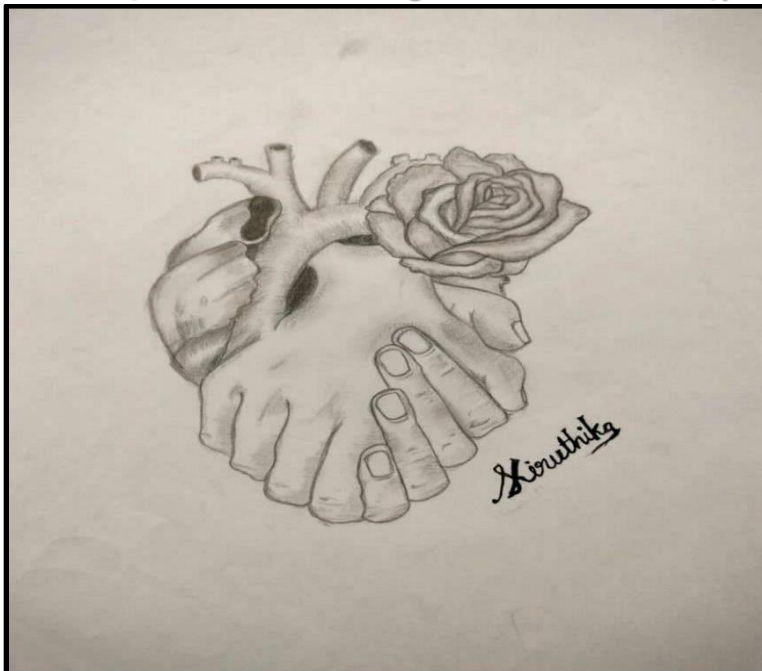
"I care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself."

-Charlotte Brontë ( "Jane Eyre")



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"Once I had her hand, I never wanted to let go of her" -Ottillie Weber,( "Family Ties")



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"One of the most important things you can do on this earth is to let people know they are not alone."-  
-Shannon L. Alder



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"We look up for God, but tears have made us blind." Do ye hear the children weeping and disproving,  
O my brothers, what ye preach ? And the children doubt of each."  
- Elizabeth Barrett Browning(The Cry of the Children)



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English



"People laugh at me because I use big words. But if you have big ideas, you have to use big words to express them, haven't you?"- L. M. Montgomery ( Anne of Green Gables)



-S.Nandhini,  
I M.A.English

"A best friend is the only one that walks into your life when the world has walked out."  
-Shannon I. Alder



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"He's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same."  
— Emily Brontë, (Wuthering Heights)



-K.Kiruthika,  
III B.A.English

"Learning to love our female selves is where our search for love must begin."  
—Bell hooks, ("Communion: The Female Search for Love")



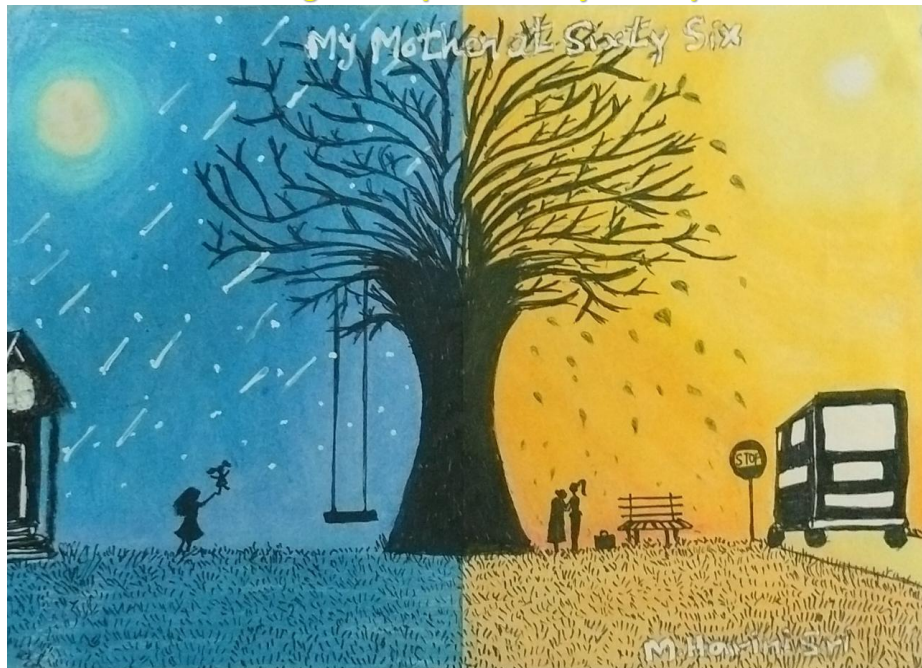
\_S.Nandhini,  
I M.A.English

"The mind is its own place, and in itself can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven" -  
-John Milton (Paradise Lost)



-A. Yogavarshini,  
I BA English

"O all her faith and all my love to tell her  
That she will move from mourning into morning."  
-George Barker (sonnet to My Mother)



-M. Harini Sri,  
I BA English



"i want to be full on my own.  
i want to be so complete  
i could light a whole city"  
Being Independent (Rupi Kaur)



\_S.Nandhini,  
I M.A.English

# **SHORT STORIES**



## TARA

“I am not ready to adopt a baby, Are you a fool?”, said Kannaya. Kannaya was a farmer in the village named chittur. He was married at the age of twenty-four. He married Seetha, who was his relative. Their life went well, until, Seetha spoke about adaptation. Yes, five years had passed, but they didn't have a baby. So Seetha decided to adopt a baby. But Kannaya wasn't ready to adopt a baby. It made them apply for a divorce. Kannaya firmly said to Seetha that he was going to divorce her. “I don't want to spend my precious time with a barren lady, I want a baby, not a barren wife”, yelled Kannaya.

“ I am not ready to part from you. If I get divorced then the whole village will call me a barren woman”, said Seetha. Kannaya showed his furious face and said “I don't care about that issue. Go away from my life”.

Seetha worried for a longer period. But a day came for divorce. Seetha and Kannaya got separated by the law.

Two years passed, and Seetha didn't know what to do in her life. She cried and immersed herself in her past life. In addition, women in the village used to call her impotent, barren and a bad omen. Whenever she crossed the women in the street they used to spit on her face. Because there was a superstitious belief in the village that if the woman was separated from her husband or she didn't have a baby then she was regarded as a bad omen.

“Hey, a bad omen is coming go away” , the children used to say behind Seetha. Nowadays she won't come outside nor visit any neighbours. She was all alone.

One day the neighbour Chinamma said, " Hey ! you Barren Seetha, Kannaya is going to get married. Soon he'll have a beautiful wife and baby". Seetha prayed to God that the new bride should conceive a baby in her womb and they should live longer.

Three days after marriage, Kannaya's house was filled with the same joy. He didn't have any guilt or information about his first marriage to his second wife, Meena.

Meena was his new wife and she belonged to a rich family. But Meena didn't know about the first marriage of Kannaya. She came to know this truth by the same neighbour Chinamma.

Chinamma was called as the radio box of the village. She used to gossip about all women. It was her most lovable duty after household work.

After six months, Seetha got pregnant and they arranged a baby shower function. Their life went happily. She gave birth to a girl child and they named her Tara.

Tara was an adorable child. She listened carefully the things around. Many of the villagers called her "Tara, the Observer ". When Tara was five, she was joined at a village school where she got

an excellent education. She completed her schoolings and joined college. So she went far away from her parents.

She had completed Journalism and she became as a Journalist. Especially Tara used to write about women who were abandoned by their husbands. She became an activist to the women's struggle. She wrote articles, books, and columns to enrich women's mindset.

One day, when she returned to Chittur, her mother Meena told her about the first marriage of her father. She explained how Seetha struggled a lot with that issue. On that day, Tara promised her mother that she won't let anyone's life as Seetha's in Chittur. So she promised to build a home for women who were abandoned by their husbands.

By hearing this, Kannaya got furious. He scolded Tara for her attitude. Even Tara got so much anger at Kannaya for his mistake. She promised him "I want you to feel the pain of Seetha. How dare you, Dad! You've left her and allowed her to face a lot of problems. So, now I assure you, I won't marry till my death. Because you have to realise your mistake. You have to see my face and feel the pain of the woman Seetha".

Kannaya was broken and realised his mistake. But he was not ready to accept Seetha and did not want to get apology for his mistake. Twenty-five years of Seetha's life had been wasted by him. He couldn't return the wasted years in her life .

Tara gave the invitation to her father. Kannaya opened the invitation and read aloud "No more Kannaya and No more Seetha". He cried aloud and wiped his tears with the towel.

Tara started her organization named 'Seethamma's Adoption home'. She started adopting women and gave them work and enlightened their path.

Also, she arranged for a campaign for men and adults and explained about the marriage life. She explained how to take decision when their wives were not able to give birth to a baby. They should not give a divorce instead, they could adopt a baby.

Even though fifty years have passed Seetha had no dream about marriage.

Nowadays no one was there in "Seethamma's adaptation home" because men learnt to adopt a baby and support their wives.

**-A. SHANMUGA PRIYA,  
II MA ENGLISH**

## ON MY WAY TO JAC

It was a busy morning. The time was exactly 9'o clock of the very first working day. I saw many girls wearing their backpacks on their shoulders and rushing towards a destination, all in the same direction, towards the top of the small hill where there was a beautiful wonderland. All were wearing their ID cards. There was so much traffic on that way to the wonderland. I astonished because fortunately I was also among those girls in a hurry. I ran and ran and finally saw the biggest gate on the top of the small hill. But all of a sudden when I was a few steps ahead from that magical gate which changed the life of so many birds like me changed its shape. It took a shape of a beautiful rainbow with VIBGYOR in it. I was stunned at once and slowly started moving. At the very moment when I entered the college through the rainbow I felt a change in me first. I lost few kilograms of my weight, I felt light. All my sorrows and sufferings vanished like the dust blown by the wind. I was able to see that the girls who came along with me turned into beautiful butterflies. I felt so happy and saw me in the mirror and I saw my beautiful and colourful little wings with so many spots on them. I saw some big butterflies too. Especially butterflies which were already residing in that wonderland wore crown with diamonds embedded on it. They also wore a cherry red coloured bow on their neck, they were standing near a black board and preaching those young butterflies. I saw the glittering eyes of them. There was a common thinking for many little butterflies who came to that paradise for the first time like me, that, what would be the teaching of these butterflies. Were they going to instruct us how to take nectar from different flowers?...but dear readers there happened something beautiful - those professor butterflies told us something apart from the normal and usual thinking of all. They told us how to make this world colourful like our wings as helping the flowers by pollination. And also they taught us to go higher and higher into the sky when people wanted to catch and kill us. And finally, with tired faces at the end of the day when we reached to the rainbow, once again I

saw all those butterflies changing into the girls they were. And I felt like I suddenly gained weight. The rainbow suddenly changed into a gigantic gate. I didn't know what had happened that night but still it was an amazing dream. The evergreen dream that never disappear from my memory until my last breath. And from that particular day whenever I came to my JAC I felt the same. Whenever I could see my professors I see them like admirable butterflies wearing crowns and red bows nearby the black board.

**-R. SUBIKSHA,  
III BA ENGLISH**



## **SHE REALIZED**

A 15year old Girl Mithra was studying 10<sup>th</sup> Std. in a Government Girls high school in her village. She went to school by walking with her friend named Vaishu while walking they would speak about their home works, and the day to day happenings in their family but they were not close Friends. If they went to school they had their separate set of friends Mithra had two naughty desk partners named Sharmi & Nila. Mithra and Sharmi were always kidding Nila by doing some mischievous activities like hiding Nila's lunch box, tearing paper in Nila's note to write their test etc. Nila also took revenge like lifting the one corner of the desk and making them both fall, pouring water on them, etc. They three were the naughtiest girls in their class. They were were like Tom and Jerry's. They teased each other, they irritated each other but they couldn't live without each other, their bond was something special.

Here were two Jerry's (Mithra & Sharmi) with one Tom (Nila) they were enjoying their school life to the core. Yeah, they enjoyed but Nila & Sharmi was sincere in their studies Mithra wasn't. Mithra's thought that studying was not her whole life, it was a part of life. She wanted to get pass with reasonable marks that was it. She didn't study hard. Mithra was weak in Maths and hates science. One day Mithra's mom came to school to get a signature from the principal for Mithra's scholarship, At that time she suddenly met Mithras Maths mam she told that Mithra said to her that she won't understand anything in Maths after hearing that Maths mam, enquired Mithra. She said she couldn't understand Maths. "If you listen with a concentration then only you can understand everything in Maths and you have to do practice sums often", Maths mam advised Mithra.

After few a day's Maths mam asked to write test and she made the students to sit separately for the test and she wrote the question on the board and asked the students to write silently and she left the class because she engaged the neighboring class too. If mam was in the class, some of students tried to copy Mithra asked her Friend Neha to show her answer sheet Neha gave her answer sheet to Mithra."copy fast and return to me" said Neha. Mithra was so happy and wrote. While she returned the note book to Neha, Mam enter into class room suddenly and she saw that and asked "what is the paper you are exchanging?" Mithra was afraid and said, "No mam, nothing mam". "Both of you Come out..."said mam, they asked sorry but the mam didn't accept it and she asked them to meet the principal for their mistakes.

Mithra was with tears in eyes but Neha was bold enough "Come Mithra don't beg to this lady we will go to principal" and they stood in front of the principal's room "what do you want girls? Why are you standing, come inside" said the principal. Neha told that while writing Maths test Mithra had a doubt in sums so she asked her to clear the doubt so that only she gave the answer sheet to her but mam came and mistook that we copied the answers, like that Neha twisted. The Principal said "won't repeat it again, go to your class". Neha laughed, the problem solved "Maths mam is a devil, see our Princi, she doesn't take this as a big issue but that lady makes this as a big issue and scolds us in front of the other class students..." Said Neha, while returning to the class they asked permission to enter into class "I inform you to meet the principal", the mam said. They said, "We already went and she said not to repeat that," said Neha coolly.

After a week Maths mam listed some students to stand in the class. Mithra was also in that name list, mam announced that it's difficult to make them pass in the public exam. So, from rest of the days a separate training was given to them with limited sums to get pass and they were considered as slow learners. Mithra got upset because she was the only one in their friends list as a slow learner. Separate home works were given to slow learners. Mithra felt very bad because sometimes her friends hurt her by telling her as a slow learner. Mithra felt inferior to be with her friends. She got angry on Maths mam but she did all the work that was given by her Maths mam. Before the public exam there was a revision exam. In that Mithra got only 53 marks. She blamed Maths mam for limiting the portions for her, she thought that if she taught all the sums she got more than that.

On the day of Maths exam, Maths mam came and wished all the students to write the exam well. Mithra completed the exam within the time. She attended all the questions but she didn't know that how much mistakes she had left. She was confident enough that she got pass with 60 marks. Finally on the day of results, Mithra was very eager to know her marks. Her total was 447 she was so happy, she checked the subject wise marks. She was shocked she got 99 in Maths. Her friends who hurt her got lower Mark than her. She felt proud and she realised that because of the slow learner training given by Maths mam, she got these marks. She felt guilty of her mistakes and respected Maths mam on the day onwards.

- **M.YOGESHWARI,**  
**I M.A.ENGLISH**

# LITERARY AUTHORS



**"If music be the food of love, play on."  
\_William Shakespeare, (Twelfth Night)**



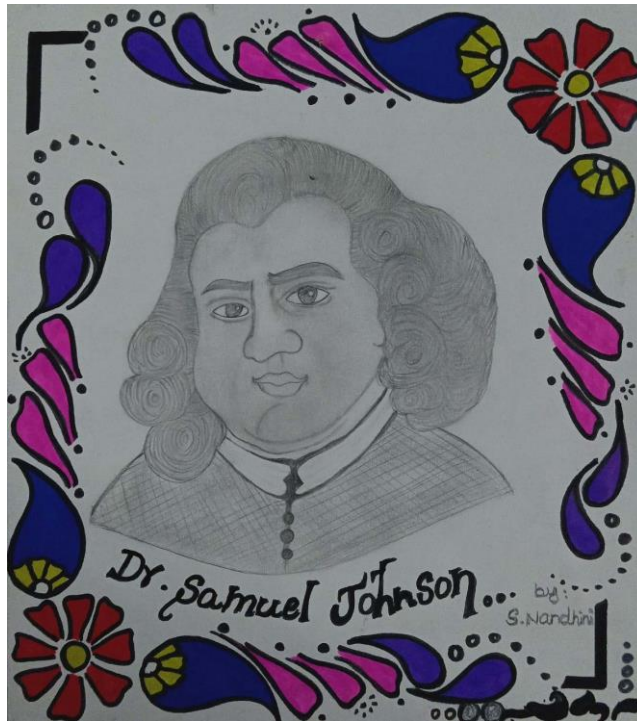
**-R.Karpagam,  
III B.A.English**

**"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach."  
Elizabeth Barrett Browning(Sonnets from the Portuguese)**



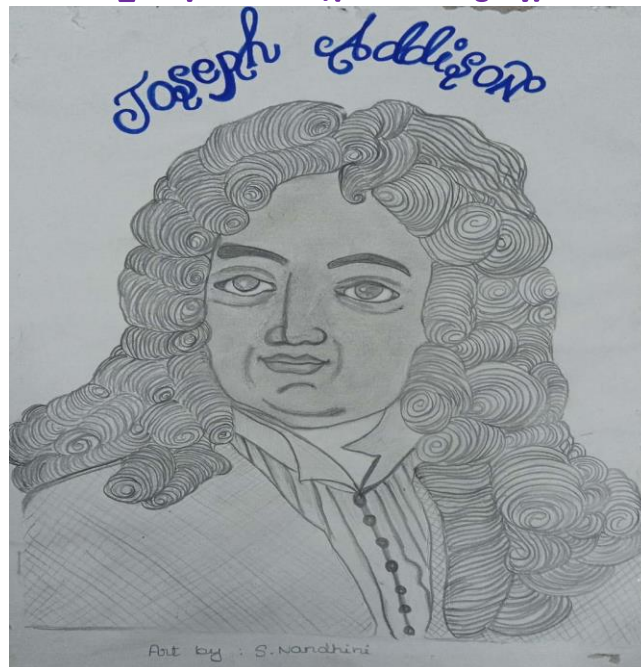
**-S.Nandhini  
I M.A.English**

**"A writer only begins a book. A reader finishes it."**  
**-Samuel Johnson, (Works of Samuel Johnson)**



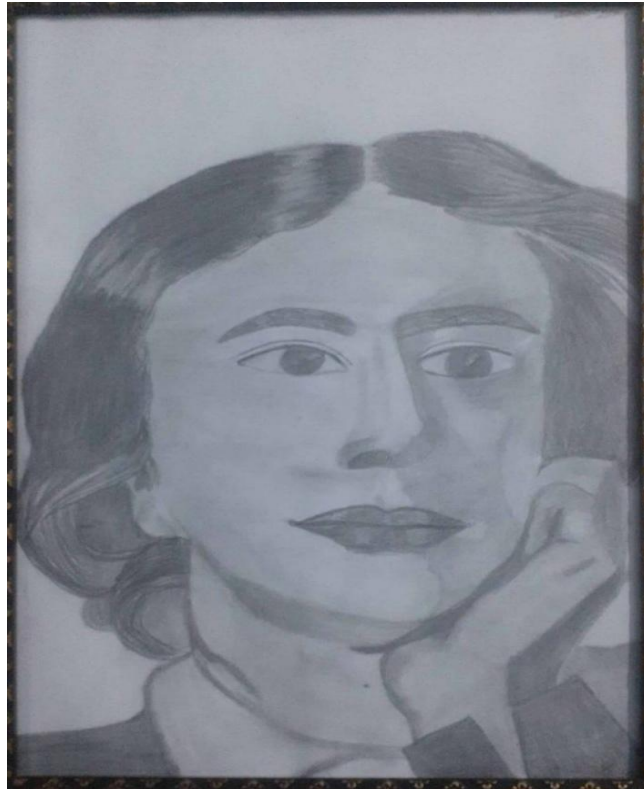
**-S.Nandhini,  
I M.A.English**

**"Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,"**  
**\_Joseph Addison,(Cato: A Tragedy)**



**-S.Nandhini,  
I M.A.English**

**"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard, are sweeter"**  
**\_John Keats, (Ode On A Grecian Urn)**



**\_A. Sunandha Jasmine,**  
**II B.A.English**





# ESSAYS



## **A WOMAN'S UNANSWERED QUESTIONS**

### **Introduction:**

There are few notable questions that keep on disturbing me but I couldn't find any answers for it. The society itself wants a woman to remain silent and obey the orders of the society. Some of those questions are as follows.

### **Woman as a Professionalist:**

A woman doesn't have a complete freedom to choose her profession as she wishes. While choosing the profession, the society starts saying that they have to choose some particular type of professions which can be managed even after marriage. When it comes for men, he has a complete freedom over his profession and the society encourages him.

### **Marriage Procedure:**

I hate the procedure which we have and follow at present for marriage. The matrimonial site itself makes me feel disgusting. The society itself teaches that we should not talk to a stranger but it is accepted when it is done in the name of "Love cum Arranged Marriage". It seems correct for the society. But for me, so many questions lingers in mind to understand our customs.

### **Driving Woman:**

It is quite rare to see a woman driving her car. When the society sees her driving, the society thinks that she couldn't drive effectively as a man could. They think that woman doesn't even follow the traffic rules and she don't know nothing about cars. Woman learns driving in the same way like a man but why the society can't accept that a woman can drive better.

### **Her trauma:**

The society generally teaches each and every woman that overcoming the tribulations will help her lead a peaceful life. Though she did nothing wrong, the society wants her to carry all her mental trauma within her and no one cares about how she feels and what's going inside her mind.

### **Conclusion:**

I am in the concluding part with some of my questions that remain unanswered till date.

- **K. DIVYA SANKARI,  
II BA ENGLISH**

## காயங்கள் வேண்டும்

### முன்னுரை:

“விழுப்புண் படாத நாட்கள் எல்லாம் வீண் நாட்களே” என கொக்கரித்த வீரத்தமிழனின் வித்துக்களா நாம்? வில்லுக்கும், வேலுக்கும் அஞ்சாமல் நெஞ்சை கேடயமாக்கி போராடிய வெற்றித் தமிழனின் வித்துக்களா நாம்? இல்லை இல்லவே இல்லை. பழம் பெருமைகளை பேசித்திரிவதில் பயனில்லை என சொல்லாலும், செயலாலும் உணர்த்தும் இன்றைய இளைய தலைமுறை, ஆம்.

பள்ளியில் பொதுத் தேர்வுக்கு பயந்து கல்லூரியில் NEET தேர்வுக்கு பயந்து தன் உயிரை மாய்த்துக் கொள்ளும் நிலை தொடர்கிறது. இதற்கான காரணங்களையும் தீர்வுகளையும் விரிவாக காண்போம்.

### வலியே வலிமை:

தோல்வி, ஏமாற்றம் ஆகியவை ஏற்படுத்தும் வலிகளை தாங்க முடியாத மனநிலையை மாற்றவேண்டும்.

கழுகு இந்த பெயரைக் கேட்டவுடன் அதன் கம்பீரம், வலிமை இரண்டுமே கண்முன் நிற்கும். இதற்காக அந்த பறவை தன்னைத்தானே எவ்வாறு செதுக்கி கொள்கிறது என்பது பலரும் அறியாததே.

கழுகின் வாழ்நாள் 70 ஆண்டுகள் ஆனால் கழுகு தன் 40 வயதை அடையும் போது, அதன் அலகு இரையைப் பிடிப்பதற்கும், உண்பதற்கும் பயனற்றதாகிவிடும். அதன் அலகும் வளைந்து விடும். அதன் இறக்கைகளும் தடித்து பறப்பதற்குக் கனமாக மாறிவிடும். இந்நிலையில் இறப்பது அல்லது வலிமிக்க செயல் செய்து தன்னை வலிமைப்படுத்துதல் என்ற இரண்டே வாய்ப்புகள்.

இந்தக் காலத்தில் கழுகு உயர்ந்த மலைக்குப் பறந்து சென்று அங்கிருக்கும் பாறையில் தன் அலகைக் கொண்டு வேகமாக மோதி அலகை உடைக்கும். புதிய அலகு வளரும் வரை தன் கூட்டிலேயே தனித்திருக்கும். புதிய அலகு வளர்ந்த

பின், இறகுகளை தானே பிரித்தெடுக்கும். ஐந்து மாதங்களுக்குப் பின் புதிய இறகுகள் முளைக்க ஆரம்பிக்கும். இந்த மாற்றத்துக்கு சுமார் 150 நாட்கள் ஆகும். அத்தனை நாட்கள் காத்திருத்து, வலியை அனுபவித்து மறுபிறவி அடைந்த கழுகு இன்னும் 30 ஆண்டுகள் சிறப்பாக வாழத் தகுதியுள்ளதாக மாறும்.

கழுகு தன் வலியை வலிமையாக்குகிறது. இன்றைய காலத்தில் மாணவர்கள் மற்றும் இளைய சமுதாயத்திடம் இந்த போர்க்குணமும், வலியைத் தாங்கும் வலிமையும் இல்லை என்பதே நிதர்சனமான உண்மை.

### **பெற்றோர் பங்கு:**

“ஐந்தில் வளையாதது ஐம்பதில் வளையாது” என்பது முன்னோர் வாக்கு. எனவே, குழந்தைகளை வளர்க்கும் போதே வீரமங்கை வேலுநாச்சியார், ராணி மங்கம்மாள், ஜான்சி ராணி, ராஜராஜ சோழன், வீர சிவாஜி ஆகியோரது வீர வரலாற்றையும், நேதாஜி சுபாஷ் சந்திரபோஸ் அவர்களின் தீர மிக்க கதைகளையும் கூறி அவர்களை மனதளவிலும், உடலளவிலும் வலிமையானவர்களாக மாற்ற வேண்டும்.

பெற்றோரது எண்ணங்களையும், ஆசைகளையும், பிள்ளைகள் மேல் திணிக்க கூடாது. அவர்களது எண்ணங்கள் ஆசைகளை அறிந்து அவர்களது வழியில் அவர்களை வெற்றியாளர்களாக உருவாக்க வேண்டும். மற்ற பிள்ளைகளுடன் தங்கள் பிள்ளைகளை ஒப்பிட்டு பேசக்கூடாது. பிள்ளைகளுடன் தினமும் குறைந்தது 1 மணி நேரமாவது ஒதுக்கி, அவர்களின் கல்வி மற்றும் மனநிலை பற்றி அறிந்து கொள்ள வேண்டும். அதற்கேற்ப செயல்பட்டு அவர்களை நல்வழிப்படுத்தி அவர்கள் வாழ்வு சிறக்க படிப்பு, உழைப்பு, உற்சாகம் ஆகியவற்றின் இன்றியமையாமையை விளக்க வேண்டும்.

### **ஆசிரியர்கள் பங்கு:**

“எழுத்து அறிவித்தவன் இறைவன் ஆவான்” என்று இறைவனுக்கு நிகராக போற்றப்படும் ஆசிரியர்களின் பங்களிப்பே இன்றியமையாதது.

மாணவர்களின் கற்றல் திறன் மற்றும் அவர்களின் மனநிலை ஆகியவற்றை உள்ளங்கை நெல்லிக்கனி போல முழுதும் அறிந்தவர்கள் ஆசிரியர்களே.

மாணவர்கள் சில பாடங்களில் தேர்ச்சி பெற தவறினாலோ குறைந்த மதிப்பெண் பெற்றாலோ அவர்களை மற்ற மாணவர்களோடு ஒப்பிட்டு பேசுவதையும், தண்டிப்பதையும் விடுத்து அவர்களை அந்த பாடத்தை ஆர்வத்துடன் படிக்க வைக்க என்ன செய்யவேண்டும் என்பதை உணர்ந்து அதனை செயல்படுத்தி அவர்களை உற்சாகப்படுத்தி, வெற்றி பெற செய்யவேண்டும்.

இதன் மூலம் அவர்களின் தன்னம்பிக்கை உயர்ந்து பொதுத் தேர்வையும், போட்டித் தேர்வையும் எதிர் கொள்ளும் துணிவும், வெற்றியும் தோல்வியும் சகஜம் என்ற மனநிலையும் ஏற்படும்.

### **நமது பங்கு:**

**‘தெய்வத்தான் ஆகா தெனினும் முயற்சிதன்**

**மெய்வருத்தக் கூலி தரும்’**

என்பது வள்ளுவர் வாக்கு, எனவே, நாம் பொதுத் தேர்விலோ போட்டித் தேர்விலோ மதிப்பெண் குறைந்தால் அந்த பாடத்தில் அதிக கவனம் செலுத்தி படித்தால் எளிதில் வெற்றி பெறலாம். மற்றவர்களுடன் நம்மை ஒப்பிடும் எண்ணத்தை முழுவதுமாக விட்டொழித்து “நான் சிறந்தவன்”, “என்னால் முடியும்” என்ற நம்பிக்கை வாசகத்தை அடிக்கடி கூறிக் கொள்ளுங்கள் உங்களுக்குள்ளே.

இரும்பு மிகவும் உறுதியானது. இரும்பை யாராலும், அழிக்க முடியாது. ஆனால், அதன் சொந்த துரு அதனை அழித்து விடும் அது போல, ஒருவரது அழிவு அவரது மனநிலையை பொறுத்தே அமைகிறது.

### **முடிவுரை:**

**“அச்சம் என நினைத்தால் உச்சம்**

**என்பது இல்லை வாழ்வின் உயர்வுக்கு”** எனவே, கஷ்டம் வரும் போது கண்ணை மூடாதே ; அது உன்னைக் கொன்று விடும். கண்ணை திறந்துபார்.



நீ அதை வென்றுவிடலாம் என அப்துல் கலாம் ஐயா அவர்களின் சொல்லிற்கேற்ப பயம், தயக்கம், தாழ்வு மனப்பான்மை ஆகியவற்றை விரட்டியடித்து விடா முயற்சி, கடின உழைப்பு, தன்னம்பிக்கை ஆகியவற்றின் மூலம் வெற்றிக்கனியை தட்டிப்பறிப்போம்.

வாழ்வில் வெல்வோம்!

ந. சுபிக்ஷா,  
இளங்கலை முதலாமாண்டு ஆங்கிலம்

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**“LET US THANK GOD FOR HIS PRICELESS GIFT!”**  
**- 2 CORINTHIANS 9:15**

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## About the book

The maiden attempt to publish this book is a very short journey which leads the editors to bring out the students' potential- the transformative power of the creative imagination. This book is a celebration of the written words and the stunning drawings of the students of English Literature. Hope this is a testament to the enduring power of literature to connect us with the world around us and to inspire us to become our best selves.

## About the Editors

**J. Sharmila**, Assistant Professor of English at Jayaraj Annapackiam college for women (Autonomous), Periyakulam, has 12 years of teaching experience. The state level recognition for her poetry is remarkable.

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